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Saporitti and the little Bondini in particular, are the very mischief when in their obstinate humors."

"Do not let them see your apprehension," said Mozart. "They are friendly to me—that I know; you shall soon see how I will bring them all under my thumb."

"Between you and me," observed Guardasoni, with a smile, "I expect most condescension from Saporitti; for, proud as she is—she is not only friendly to you—but to my notion, a little *more* than friendly."

"Eh—think you so?" cried Mozart, rubbing his hands with glee—for much as he honored and loved his wife, he did not disdain now and then a little flirtation.

Guardasoni innocently went on. "As I tell you; for the other day she said to me herself, 'I could fall in love with the Signor Amadeo; for I look upon him as a great man, and should not mind his insignificant figure.'"

The master was crestfallen! It vexed him not a little that the fair Saporitti should have spoken of his insignificant figure, especially to such a tall man as Guardasoni.

"Call them all together, Signor Guardasoni," said he, without pursuing the subject; "and I will read them the text they are to sing."

Guardasoni took his leave, and next day assembled all the singers in the green-room of the theatre. Mozart entered, dressed in rich sables, a gold-laced hat on his head, and the director's staff in his hand. He ascended a small platform, and began his address; at first, in a formal and solemn manner, but gradually becoming familiar and humorous, for he never could belie his harmless character.

(To be Continued.)

ANECDOTES OF PAGANINI.

FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A DUBLIN MANAGER.

[Concluded.]

He was alive to the advantage of honor, but he loved money with a paramount affection. I knew that he had received enormous terms, such as £150 and £200, for fiddling at private parties in London, and I trembled for the vice-regal purse; but I undertook to manage the affair, and went to work accordingly. The aide-de camp in waiting called with me on Paganini, was introduced in due form, and handed him a card of invitation to dinner, which of course he received and accepted with ceremonious politeness. Soon after the officer had departed, he said suddenly, "This is a great honor, but am I expected to bring my instrument?" "Oh, yes," I replied, "as a matter of course—the Lord Lieutenant's family wish to hear you in private." "Caro amico," rejoined he, with petrifying composure. "*Paganini con violino e Paganini senza violino—ecco due animali distanti*" (Paganini with his fiddle and Paganini without it are two very different persons). I knew perfectly what he meant, and said, "The Lord Lieutenant is a nobleman of exalted rank and character liberal in the extreme, but he is not Croesus: nor do I think you could with any consistency receive such an honor as dining at his table, and afterwards send in a bill for playing two or three tunes in the evening." He was staggered, and asked, "what do you advise?" "Don't you think a present in the shape of a ring, or a snuff-box, or something of that sort, with a short inscription, would be a more agreeable mode of settlement?" He seemed tickled by this suggestion and closed with it at once. I despatched the intelligence to the proper channel, that the violin and the *gran Maestro* would both be in attendance. He went in his very choicest mood,

made himself extremely agreeable, played away unsolicited, throughout the evening, to the delight of the whole party; and on the following morning, a gold snuff-box was duly presented to him, with a few complimentary words engraved on the lid.

A year or two after this, when Paganini was again in England, I thought another engagement might be productive, as his extraordinary attraction appeared still to increase. I wrote to him on the subject, and soon received a very courteous communication, to the effect, that although he had not contemplated including Ireland in his tour, yet he had been so impressed with the urbanity of the Dublin public, and had moreover conceived such a personal esteem for my individual character, that he might be induced to alter his plans, at some inconvenience, provided always I could make him a more enticing promise than the former one. I was here completely puzzled, as on that occasion I gave him a clear two-thirds of each receipt, with a bonus of twenty-five pounds per night in addition, for two useless coadjutors. I replied that, having duly deliberated on his suggestion, and considered the terms of our last compact, I saw no possible means of placing the new one in a more alluring shape, except by offering him the entire produce of the engagement. After I had despatched my letter, I repented bitterly, and was terrified lest he should think me serious, and hold me to the bargain; but he deigned no answer, and this time I escaped for the fright I had given myself. When in London, I called to see him, and met with a cordial reception; but he soon alluded to the late correspondence, and half seriously said:

"That was a curious letter you wrote to me, and the joke with which you concluded it by no means a good one."

"Oh" said I, laughing, "it would have been much worse if you had taken me at my word."

He then laughed too, and we parted excellent friends. I never saw him again. He returned to the continent and died, having purchased the title of baron, with patent of nobility, from some foreign potentate, which with his accumulated earnings, somewhat dilapidated by gambling, he bequeathed to his son. Paganini was the founder of his school, and the original inventor of those extraordinary *tours de force* with which all his successors and imitators are accustomed to astonish the uninitiated. But he still stands at the head of the list, although eminent names are included in it, and is not likely to be pushed from his pedestal.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

THE TWO ARTISTS.

BY DON JOSE BERNUDEZ DE CASTRO.

In a dirty and obscure lane in Seville, is a house which has been so added to and taken from, and altered from top to bottom, that the poor mason, who considered himself a splendid architect when he laid the first stone of it many years before 1616, when our narrative begins, would not be able to recognise it. At that time, it consisted of two stories—if, indeed, a sort of chamber, with earthen floor and low ceiling is deserving of the name—to which the access was by a very steep flight of steps. With this attic, or garret, our business lies; but merely to satisfy the curiosity of our readers—who might, perhaps, be distracted from our tale by an anxiety to know what the rest of

the house was like—we shall mention that it consisted, beside the sitting-room down stairs, of a large square court, a small kitchen at one side of it, and a very humble stable at the other. Its one stall was empty at the time; and this, we hope, is all the information that can be required. The apartment, or rather the garret, had two windows—one toward the street, and the other backward to the court we have mentioned. When the head recovered its perpendicular, after stooping to scramble up the narrow stair, and effecting an entrance through the sort of trap-door which gave admission to the chamber, a number of boards and canvasses, all primed and primed, and ready for painting, became perceptible, arranged in a manner which showed that he who had the disposition of them, had no particular regard for symmetry or ornament; for they stood in all manner of inclinations, some upside down, some jutting out from a corner, and all very carelessly balanced, inclining more to one side than another, according as the nail on which they struggled for equilibrium was near or not to the middle of the frame. Some drawings, landscapes sparkling with spirit and imagination, accompanied the boards and canvases, and rivalled them in order and regularity. Two or three shelves, suspended on one of the walls by four strong cords, bent beneath the weight of fifteen or twenty volumes of poetry and scholastic philosophy; and along with them *The Proportions of the Human Body*, by Albert Durer, the *Anatomy of Bexalio*, the *Perspective of Daniel Barbaro*, Euclid's *Geometry*, and other books of mathematics and drawing. Beside these, there was a collection of sketches, studies of men, extravagances, rural scenes, much injured and blotted—as might be seen by some of them which had fallen down, and lay scattered about on the floor. There were also seen, on the oak chair and two benches which formed the principal furniture of the apartment, some other rolled-up papers, a cap, trousers somewhat tattered, a collar tolerably clean, and a silken doublet, which hung down from the arm-chair, bathing one of the sleeves in a wide-mouthed jar, whose thick and oily water was at that moment employed in steeping four or five brushes and pencils. A marble slab for grinding colors, and the pestle still stained with white lead, lay on the table of walnut wood. A large easel, with a canvas on it, occupied the middle of the room, with a fine light on it from the northern window on the left. This window, scientifically covered with linen and stained paper, gave a narrow opening, through which the light was thrown on the face of a strong and ruddy young rascal, who, in the most grotesque attitude, showed two rows of teeth, broad, white, and sharpened, no doubt, by the hard bread of Telera, forcing himself into the most open and extravagant laughter, with such truth and reality, that the most solemn-faced spectator must have sympathized with his mirth. But, as if for the sake of contrast, the owner of the apartment seemed to have no share in the enjoyment.

A young man, apparently eighteen or twenty years of age, of grave and taciturn physiognomy, with dark complexion, and bright yet solemn eyes, stood in front of the easel—the pallet in one hand, the brush in the other—copying apparently the extravagant and feigned laughter of the model. It seemed as if he was not altogether pleased with his work; for his contracted brow, compressed lip, and rapid movements, showed very evidently that he was vexed and disappoint-

ed. Once or twice he drew back a step or two, to look at his performance, glancing rapidly from the model to his drawing, then he touched—obliterated—touched again—retired a little—and compared it with the original once more, and the result of this examination was an angry exclamation, "I vow to—" but here he checked himself as a good man ought, recollecting to *whom* he was about to vow—"God help me!" he said at last, "who can possibly imitate these tints?" And, in spite of his self-command, after a strong effort to master his rage, he fairly gave way to it; he raised his hand and drew the brush right across the picture, mixing the colors in all the hues of the rainbow; and not content with this effort, he flung down the pallet and brushes, and struck it such a blow with his fist, that he made a hole right through it, and exclaimed—without any further check on his language—"In the name of God! what is the use of colors that can't paint a man!" He threw himself in despair on the oaken chair, on the top of papers and his silken doublet, and resting his head on his hand, fell into a deep fit of musing—the depression of a genius who sees heaven and cannot ascend to it? The lad who had stood a model, showed no astonishment on the occasion, but raised his lips when he saw his employer was doing nothing, and seating himself on the floor, took from the pocket of his dirty and tattered jacket a lump of coarse brown bread, and began to eat it with such impetuosity, that it was evident he had for some time been longing to begin. When he had finished his breakfast or dinner—whichever it was—enjoying it to the very last, he ventured to cast a timid glance on his employer; but he continued immovable in the same posture as before. After long waiting, when he perceived that evening began to draw on, the boy slipped out of the room, without the painter taking any notice of his movements. And so he sat, depressed and thoughtful; only showing by certain convulsive twitches that he was awake. Once only he raised his head, and after looking all round, struck himself on the brow, and covered his eyes once more. Hours passed on—he ate nothing—night came; he had no sleep; and it was only at daylight on the following morning that he thought of leaving the room—still depressed, but more with an expression of grief than of the despair which had characterized his looks at first. He seized his cap, with its bare and ragged plume, and his long cloak. By an almost involuntary movement, he gave a gayer twist to his scarcely-formed moustache, and with evident marks of past suffering in his sunken eyes and sallow cheek, he descended the stair; and after devoutly sprinkling himself with holy water, he sallied forth into the street.

II.

He was a good Christian, and a Christian of the sixteenth century—since the seventeenth century was then only begun—and his first care accordingly was to betake himself to the neighboring church. There he heard mass, and, after some further time, was just leaving the church, when a hand lightly touched him on the shoulder, and a well-known voice said, "Good morning, Master Diego."

The person who thus addressed, was a man of a little more than sixty years of age, tall, well-made, and of a graceful carriage; swarthy in complexion, but with the remains of good looks; lively dark eyes—the eyes of genius, which spoke of war and art; with the ardor of a soldier, and

the enthusiasm of an artist. The mouth was small, and reduced to a very slender complement of teeth; but the body was erect, and the presence dignified. He wore a long cloak of black camlet, old and threadbare; the doublet was of the same, embroidered and elegantly slashed, but not in better condition than his companion. He wore nether garments befitting gentle condition; with gay-colored ribbands, a long and well-appointed sword, a cap borne with a soldier-like air on one side of his head—all giving token at a single glance of poverty and privation, but clean, and brushed with the most scrupulous nicety.

It was a strange sight, the meeting of those two men; one entering life, the other about to leave it—the one filled with hopes, the other with recollections—and both struggling with fortune, and each looking at the other with eyes that spoke a glowing mind, a brilliant imagination, a soul which enthusiasm gnawed as the file does steel. Ah! whoever saw them would not have confounded them with the common herd; and would have said, "There is great good or great evil in those two men—a heaven or a hell. Suicide or glory will be the fate of one and the other." Alas! the other had undergone a thousand combats with a hard and implacable destiny. True, too, true! The old man was a mighty poet, but unknown, or at most only valued by a few artists of talent, who at that time were the only persons capable of appreciating his wondrous powers. Our young painter knew him, loved and respected him, as a profound philosopher, good scholar, and brave soldier; he knew his verses by heart, and the young wits of Seville repeated his sonnets with enthusiasm. He seemed struck with the appearance of his friend. "This paleness," he said, "these sunken eyes—young man, you must not throw away a life that might be so glorious; you must not waste your heart in—"

"'Tis naught," said the young painter, "but one night of sleeplessness and misery."—He seized the arm of his friend, and sighed convulsively.

"Aha!—first love?" said the old man in a tone of interest. "But no," he added; "I see other fires than those of love burn in these eyes; no, no, it cannot be. Boy! tell me what has befallen you?"

"What has befallen me!—the loss of fame—the melting of my wings—a fall!"

"You have tried something too high? You have not hit the moment of inspiration?"

"I have not been able to get beyond a certain point; and there to stick—to be confounded with the common crew—ah?"

"No, boy you weren't born to be undistinguished; no—lift up your head—lift it up, I say, and think of fame!"

"Fame!—yes, I have dreamt of fame; and it is to you I owe these dreams that now drive me to despair. I wished either to live admired, or die; no half-and-half existence, wallowing in clay; but now, how can I rise above it?"

"If I had but your touch and your pencil," said the old man, with my imagination!" His glance grew bright with poetry and enthusiasm. "You know not the treasure you possess," he added; "work! and I insure you fame!"

"'Tis all in vain," said the young man, with apparent indifference. "It has lost its charm for me. I should be worn out in the struggle before I burst through the cloud." He was silent for a moment "but *you* also," he said, "have had your

dreams of glory; you have written your odes and comedies—and what has it all come to? Is your glory shown in this cloak—in this doublet?"

"True," replied the old man with a sigh. "True, I am poor, forgotten, weak, and persecuted. Such have been the fruits of all my labors. Fame—the ungrateful mistress! I have courted, worshipped; and what is my reward? O God!" He bent his head for a moment. "I am poor, it is true," he continued, "poor but honorable. And the dreams of love and happiness—the characters I have created as if I were a god, with all their virtues, their thoughts, their passions good or bad—these imaginary beings whom I love as if they were my children—those works that are my daughters—those moments of illusion and enjoyment—those thoughts, free, wild, and unconstrained—those ideal worlds I live in—tell me, are these no compensation for the sufferings and misfortunes of life? Who can take them from me? What are the enjoyments and pleasures of a *man* compared to the felicity of a god?"

The deep wrinkles had left his brow, his eyes burned with the double light of youth and enthusiasm; his proudly elevated head, his majestic glance, which seemed to threaten the earth with the sceptre of heaven—no, he was not a man—he was a genius—a god—and, more than that, he was a poet, glowing with the ardor of inspiration!

The young painter found himself subdued by the eagle eye and fascinating eloquence of the old man. He cast down his eyes ashamed of his weakness, and when his friend said to him, "Let us go to your room—come!" he allowed himself to be led along without saying a word.

To be Continued.

LIVES OF THE EARLY PAINTERS.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

LIONARDO DA VINCI.

Born 1452, died 1519.

We now approach the period when the art of painting reached its highest perfection, whether considered with reference to poetry of conception, or the mechanical means through which these conceptions were embodied in the noblest forms. Within a short period of about thirty years, that is, between 1490 and 1520, the greatest painters whom the world has yet seen were living and working together. On looking back, we cannot but feel that the excellence they attained was the result of the efforts and aspirations of a preceding age; and yet these men were so great in their vocation, and so individual in their greatness, that, losing sight of the linked chain of progress, they seemed at first to have had no precursors, as they have since had no peers. Though living at the same time, and most of them in personal relation with each other, the direction of each mind was different—was peculiar; though exercising in some sort a reciprocal influence, this influence never interfered with the most decided originality. These wonderful artists, who would have been remarkable men in their time, though they had never touched a pencil, were Lionardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Correggio, Giorgione, Titian, in Italy; and in Germany, Albert Durer. Of these men, we might say, as of Homer and Shakspeare, that they belong to no particular age or country, but to all time, and to the universe.